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P.O. address of Writer: Kingsclear N. B. Canada.



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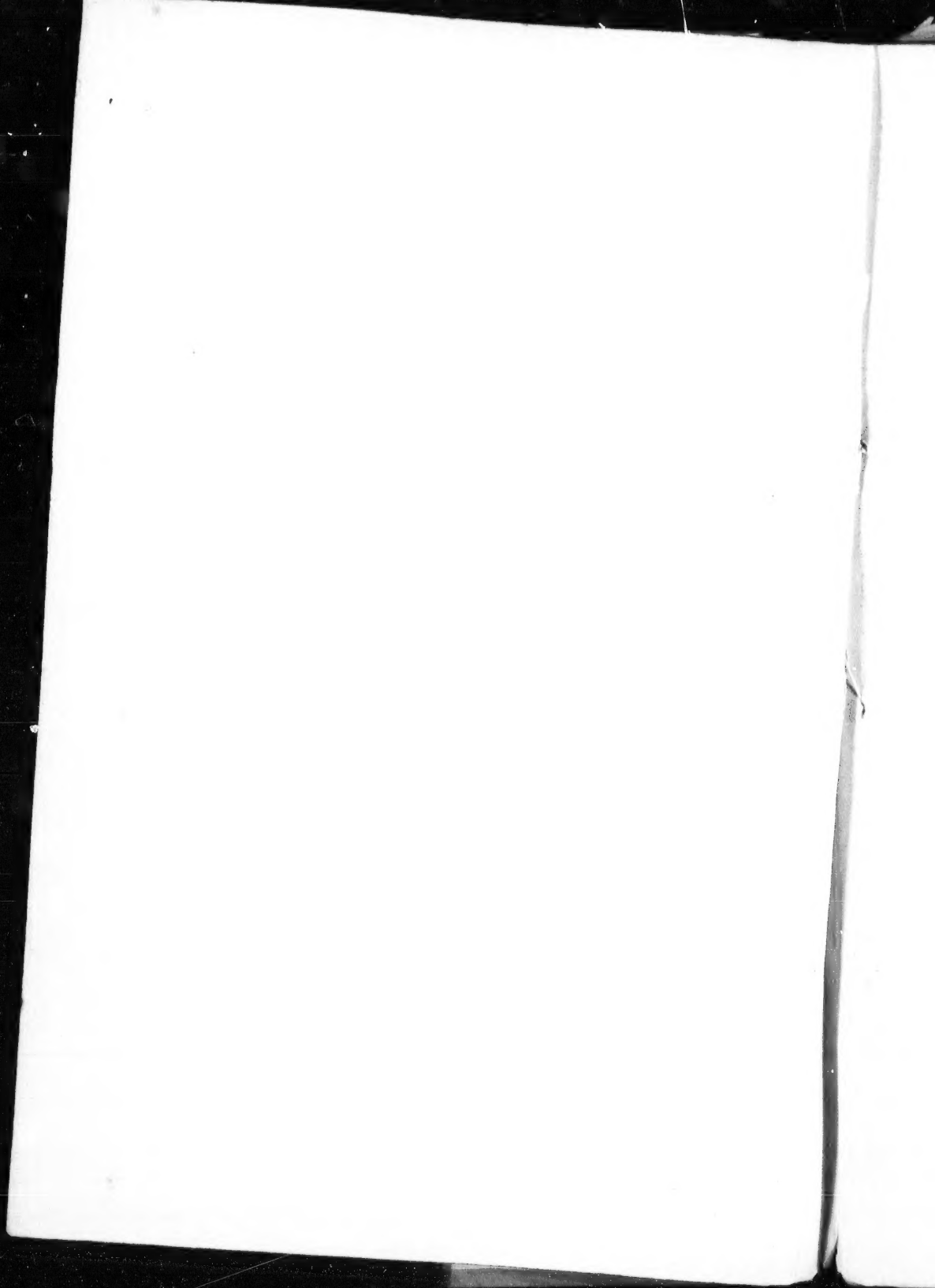
George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS;  
THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD;  
THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE; ETC.

LAHSTOK:

RURAL PRESS.

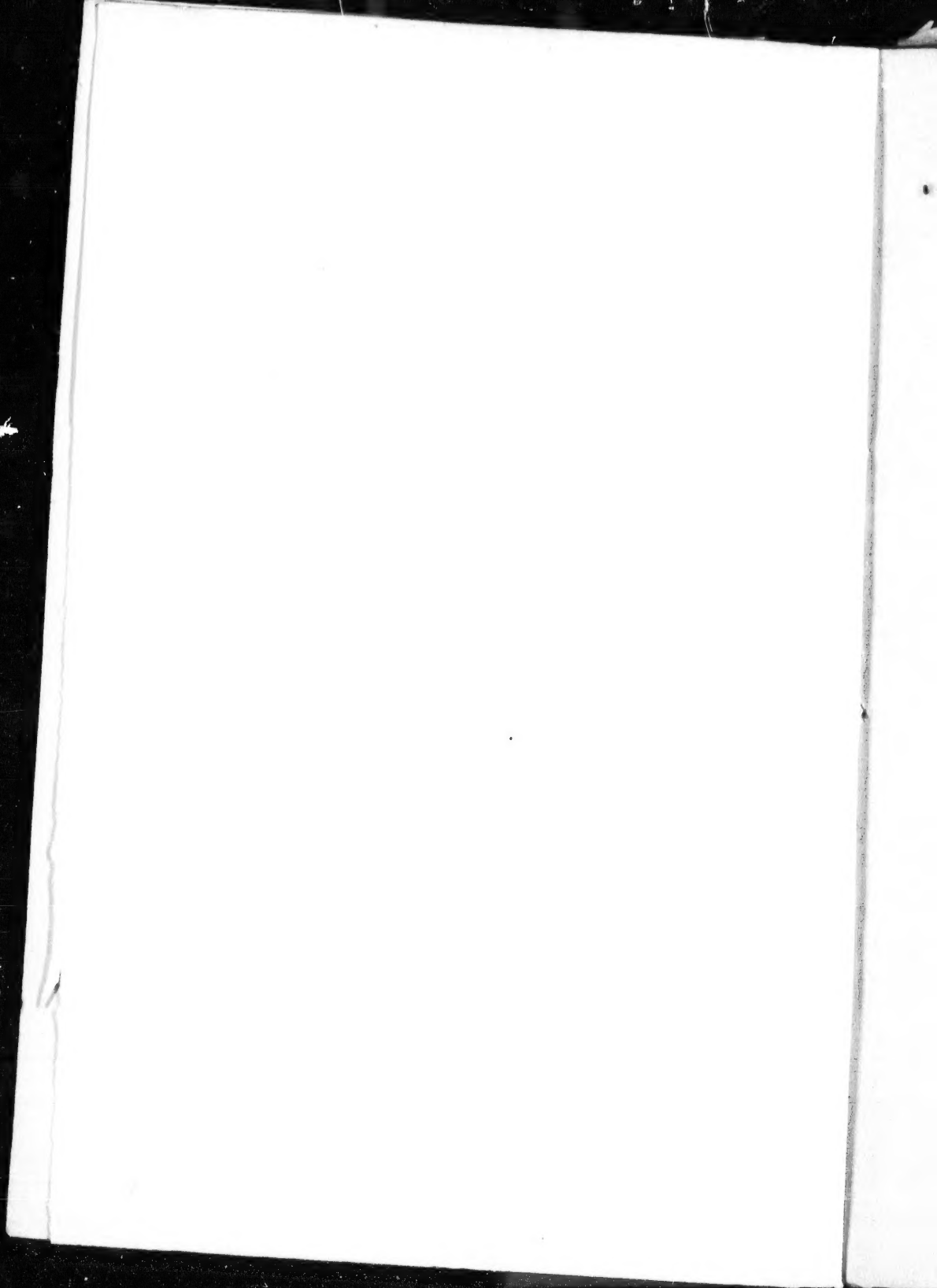
1888



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THE  
GOLDEN GIRDLE,  
AND OTHER  
*POEMS.*



#### NOTE.

The "International Standard" for Jany. 1888 contains an article by Conrad Mizer, in which he propounds the ingenious and plausible, and probably correct theory, that the original measures and weights were predicated and based on the human frame itself. The circumference of the breast being the initial and governing measure, to which all others are correlative.



## THE GOLDEN GIRDLE.

"He spake—and it was,"  
"And girt about the paps with a golden girdle."

---

*Was the Divine Logos Himself the initial word  
of the Cosmos?*

---

(If God the Word, the image of the Invisible Father,  
invariably as a man appeared anciently:  
what foundation has the idea, that the image of God  
in which Adam was created, does not include  
physical shape?)

**M**YSTERIOUS Girdle! God comes as THE MAN:

Creation upleaps at His voice of command:  
He metes out the measureless heavens with a  
span:

He pours out the floods from the cup of His  
hand.

Lo! gathered seas gleam underneath the new  
skies,

Green valleys are scooped, wooded mountains  
arise:

Sun and moon, earth and atmosphere, lavishly  
stored,

What endless diversity—formed by a word!

He spoke—toiling Nature sublimely uprose,  
Vast precisions—all exquisite movements  
were traced:

But man the rich marvel, remained for the close  
In beauty excelling, and bounteously graced,

THE GOLDEN GIRDLE.

Yes, man the choice crown of a lofty design,  
Was tenderly moulded by fingers Divine.  
God breathed in his bosom the lives He bestowed,  
Man awaked in the glorious image of God.

His finger the digit, his hand breadth, his span—  
His forearm the cubit—each perfect and just.  
And the sun was disposed by the height of the  
man,  
And the globe from his weight was apportioned  
its dust.

O creature most honored : participant rare,  
The workings the rulings of Wisdom to share :  
The ray scarce developed, the forces occult,  
The blessing progressive, the grateful result.

Golden zone of The Maker, initial and gage  
Of measures and weights by His pleasure  
assigned,  
Each feature emphatic condensed on its page,  
And all in the compass most vital combined.  
Lo, the light and the shadow, the life and the  
might,  
The paramount glory, the endless delight,  
The opulent splendor, the wonders untold.  
All, all seem converged in that Girdle of gold.

## PERFECT AND JUST.

Thou shalt have a perfect and just weight, a perfect and  
just measure shalt thou have. Deut. xxv. 15,  
After the Shekel of the Sanctuary, Exo. xxx. 13.  
Meted out heaven with the span—weighed the mountains  
in scales. Isaiah xl. 12.

HAVE we those weights and measures? Is it  
certain

The God of Israel—The Infinite,  
With span and shekel drew aside the curtain  
From plans and works uncomprehended yet :  
Gave then those units that compose His twain  
Of weights and measures vast ;  
Bequeathed to Jacob—elsewhere sought in vain,  
This birth boon of the past ?

And dare we slight this gift? A princely treasure,  
Conserved in stone—the Pillar set on high ;  
A souvenir monumental of His pleasure,  
Endearing us—the Race to Him brought nigh,—  
Men of Manasseh, Israelites indeed,  
A people great and vast,—  
And to be thus, in olden time decreed,  
Those years that make the past :—

And Ephraim?—Now each Anglo-Saxon harken,  
O seed of Abraham, God's honored friend,  
Shall we permit fantastic terms to darken  
And wheedle us at length to crouch and bend ?  
How could we mouth those false, degrading sounds  
That shame our English speech ;  
Which weight and length in jargon base confound,  
And impious errors teach !

MEMORIAL STANZAS.

No! Be the godless savant's scheme infernal,  
Remanded to the pit from whence it sprung;  
And honor we our King, supreme, eternal,  
Whose ways, whose marvels by the heavens  
are sung.  
High praise to Him whose balance and whose line  
Fill and subtend all space;  
Whose weights and measures, as a gift Divine,  
Distinguish Jacob's race.

MEMORIAL STANZAS.

Charles Latimer, of Cleveland, Ohio, President of "The International Institute, for Preserving and perfecting the Anglo-Saxon Weights and Measures;" Publisher of "The International Standard;" and central figure in the proposed thorough exploration of the Great Pyramid of Ghizi,—while yet on his knees, at the conclusion of family prayer, on the morning of March 25th '88, was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and expired shortly after.

W E E P—it is noble to weep;  
Profuse be the tears for the Dead,  
Thus tenderly hidden in sleep,  
Midst quietude statefully spread.  
  
"Amen." And conceding that prayer,  
Embathed in effulgence serene,  
Imperial ushers stood there,  
And a chariot waited unseen.  
  
He is off!—as a gleam of the sun:—  
He appears where the glorified meet.

MEMORIAL STANZAS.

His toil for the Master is done.  
His circle of blessing complete.

How grandly escorted to God !  
O words of unspeakable zest !  
There the offskip of knowledge is broad :  
There the saved are inscrutably blest.

And feet of the future will halt,  
Where Latimer mingles with dust ;  
And muse o'er a plotted assault,  
And a lance vainly poised for a thrust.

And men yet unborn will enquire,  
At a wonderful Pyramid's base,  
About one, whose high, ardent desire,  
Was the ultimate good of his race.

True Ashar ! he lavished his gold,  
Trove treasures most sacred to guard :  
He fought, to assure and unfold,  
Those legacies stone-pledged and barred.

And now can such lustre be lost,  
Such God-given zeal kiss the ground ?  
No leader ? none ! none for the host ?  
And must not his mantle be found !



*FOR IN SIX DAYS.*

EXODUS XX xi.

AND was it thus indeed? And is this writing  
The plain, inviolate truth?  
No seer of old, but God Himself inditing  
The archives of earth's youth!

How reads the text? Can fact more simply stated,  
Attentive thought engage?  
No foisting in; and not a jot abated,  
Of each successive stage.

But why will science still demur, and fasten  
Its talons on the text?  
And to unwarranted conclusions hasten,  
With false and bald pretext?

Were they not cycles, those astute ones reason,  
Each day some myriad years?  
Or budding eons, variant as a season  
That comes and disappears?

The cumulative weight of crnde contention,  
On what has it been based?  
And why alone ensconced from reprehension,  
Surcharged with facts misplaced?

O Word! that standest above men's opinions,  
High as the flaming sun:  
Asserter and definer of dominions,  
And glories new begun.

THE PRAYER PROPHETIC.

From our conceptions, vague and still careening,  
Futile and incomplete ;  
From foibles vain and knowledge overweening,  
The only safe retreat :

THE PRAYER PROPHETIC.

Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him  
unto his People. Deut. xxxii. 7.

**T**H U S , from dim ages, stands delineated  
On the terse parchment and the burning Roll,  
Changes intense, reverses deeply stated,  
Thro' the long dappled times : the far control,  
And checkered fortunes of those Houses twain,  
Destined o'er earth to reign.

Meek summary, long rayless though potential.  
But what effulgence in those words has lain !  
O marvellous prayer ! O benison essential.  
Joseph's prosperity,—with Judah's pain,  
The emphatic opening of his long sealed ways,  
Midst hopes and sore delays.

Solving the riddle of progressive ages,  
Those ancient oracles profoundly speak.  
Where stumbles pride, and fail the feet of sages,  
Midst human wisdom's downfall, fagged and  
weak ;  
There the majestic, the Eternal voice  
Resounds above the noise.

THE PRAYER PROPHETIC.

And Judah, take this comfort in thy weeping,—  
Thy Brother lives though brotherhood be slain.  
Tho' thou art scattered and tho' he is sleeping,  
Thou shalt behold him and forget thy pain.  
Yes! Joseph lives, he rules on David's throne,  
Mighty—and yet unknown.

This life-imparting knowledge will awaken  
Along thy remnant, as the morning smites  
The lingering clouds, the masses that have shaken  
The sparkling firmament which is the night's,  
And joy will walk upon the mountain tops,  
Dewy with golden hopes.

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THE

RESURRECTIONS

TRINE.



*IN THREE LAYS.*



#### R E M A R K S .

When the minutely described Temple of Ezekiel is completed, our Lord gloriously enters at the eastern gate. But will he not dwell invisibly in the Sanctuary as he did anciently? And will not the resurrected martyrs, and the "many" saints who arose and ascended and will return with him, likewise be hidden from vulgar gaze. Are there really any grounds for supposing there will at that time be a "rapture" of living saints? or any radical change in men or nations? Even now, are we not encompassed by hosts of mysterious beings, good and bad, yet see them not. Then, when malignant hordes are dispersed, or crippled in power, and while the globe is enshrined by supersensual, and holy intelligences; can it be supposed they will be seen and mingle indiscriminately with men in the flesh? Surely the mere conjecture is incompatible with the condition of the race.


THE  
RESURRECTIONS  
TRINE.

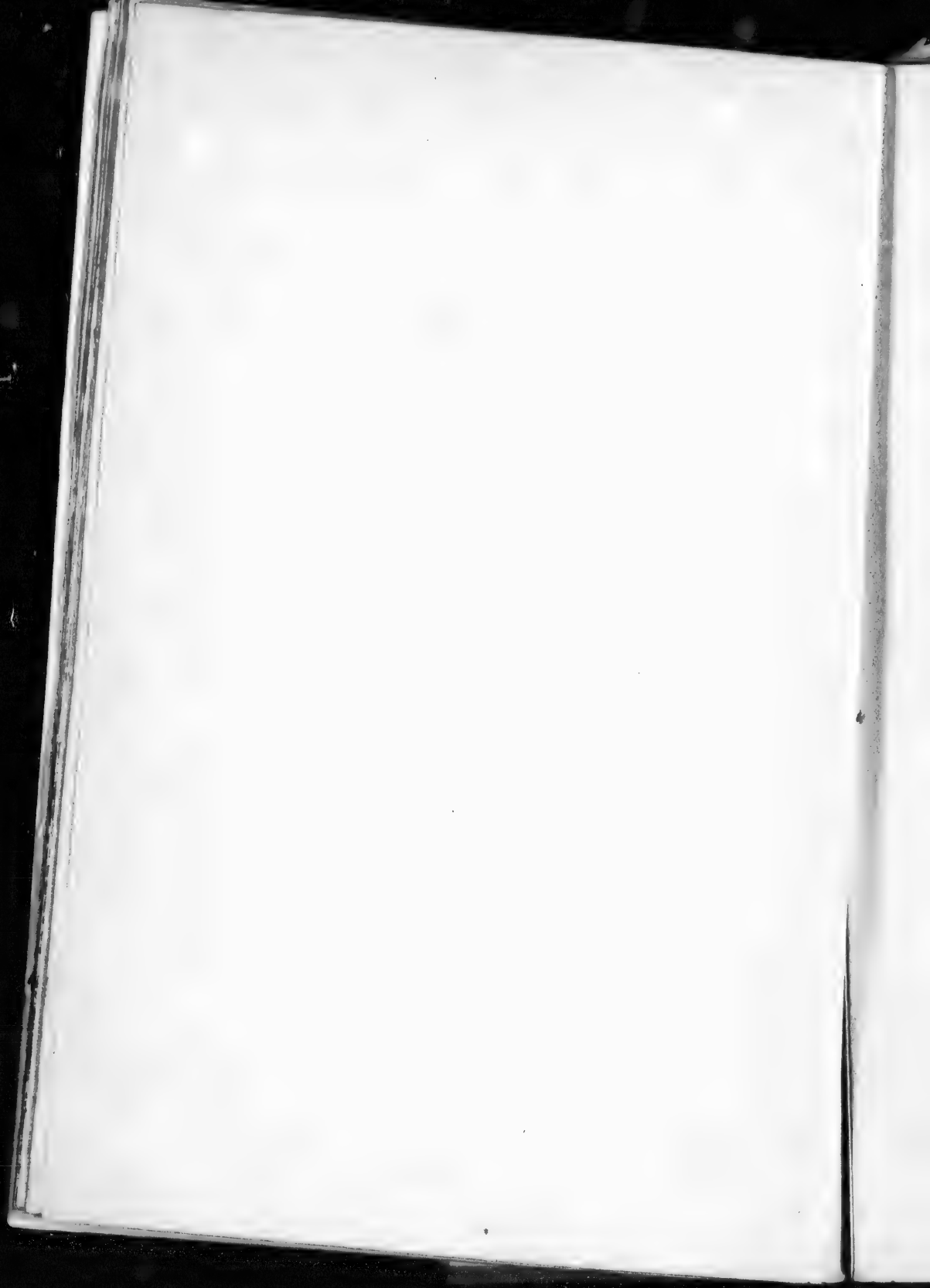
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L A Y F I R S T.

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*And behold, the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake; and the rocks were rent; and the tombs were opened: and many bodies of the saints that had fallen asleep were raised; and coming forth out of the tombs after His resurrection they entered into the Holy City and appeared unto many. S. Matt.*







THE  
RESURRECTIONS  
TRINE.

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*REVIVAL FIRST:*  
*The Resurrection Already Past.*

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\* \* \*

WHEN — O the eternal wonder!  
Heaven's gemmed gateways rolled assunder,  
And, for wretched tents of mortals,  
Passed The Great King through its portals;  
Entering on a time-state transient  
Plunged in giant evils ancient.  
HE 'who Heaven's vast arch created,  
Fared like traveller belated,  
In the night and shadow shrouded,  
From the kataluma crowded.  
He appeared in Bethlehem's manger,  
As an unattended Stranger.  
Of his dazzling might denuded:  
Even an infant, weak, secluded,



### *Rebibal First.*

Unobtrusive, low reclining.  
Not one ray of lustre shining.  
Fled—the sights a moment lavished,  
Dead—the rapturous songs that ravished,  
Which the shepherds holl supernal,  
Dropt from midst the halls eternal.

#### II.

And the star that lit the ages,  
Leading forth the eastern sages,  
Them with globe of seraphs guiding  
Unto wondrous scenes betiding ;  
Where, with cloud of death encumbered,  
Deep the Holy City slumbered ;  
Thence to couch that held the golden  
Orient KING in shadow folden :  
Even that star, the Magi leading,  
Disappeared, in space receding.

#### III.

Quick in all its olden schism  
Roused the earth's diabolism.  
Fierce in unbelief and blighting,  
Marked the Tender One for smiting.  
Hark ! amidst the ages sleeping,  
Rachel rends the night with weeping.  
For the wise men have departed  
Shunning Herod dragon hearted.

#### IV.

But is this that Den of wailing ?  
Men with demons thus assailing

Rebibal First.

All of truth and love and blessing  
For a kind acceptance pressing !  
Even the Chief One and the kindest,  
Sought in rage the worst the blindest.

V.

And will Goodness ever' sting,  
Thrones and splendors from him e sting,  
To a world so hideous hasten,  
It with links of pearl to fasten  
Mercy strown and love enfolden,  
To his heart the rich the golden ?  
Has he come to test in sorrow  
Sin's to-day and hope's to-morrow ?  
This wild life that heeds so slowly  
Him the Pure One and the Lowly ?  
Spurns his love and slights his teaching,  
Though to Heaven's high fabric reaching ?

VI.

The proud the gifted heed Him not even yet,  
But pass this life as children bent on play,  
Through glens and streams, midst rose and violet,  
Chasing bright birds and joys the livelong day,  
And lost midst songs and sights till sun is set.  
Christ and his work are pictures pushed away :  
To them an empty knowledge and disgust,  
A Name they honor not and scorn to trust.  
And thus into the shadowy night they steal :—  
Alas, what must some future day reveal !

VII.

### Rebibal first.

But He is God, the Loving, the Supreme,  
The Wondermaker. Far his footsteps shine,  
Flashing amidst the heaven of which we dream.  
And his rich ways—a yet scarce opened mine,  
Show caves of jewels. While with rarest spoils  
The palace worlds of yon superb domain,  
Will witness blessedly to tears and toils,  
Spent in this sphere, long soiled with woeful stain.

### VIII.

This Race, far fallen from its nest of light,  
Thro' the old Dragon's circumventing wiles,  
With pain again he lifts to share his smiles,  
And live—a radiant glory in his sight.

### IX.

Yes ! He walked this life uneven :  
He the Truth, the Way to heaven,  
Through its reefs and shallows tided,  
An existence thrice divided.  
First the visible the fleeting,  
Next the secret—the retreating :  
Lastly stalwart might rebuilt,  
Plunged in shades, or glory gilded.

### X.

O the dread, uncomprehended  
Dangers of this never ended  
Strong and fragile, glad and tearful  
Life—so vague, so rich, so fearful !  
Who to its events is equal ?  
Slight its trusts— or dares its sequel ?

**Rebibal First.**

**XI.**

O THOU who wast and art and art to come :  
Invisible—yet radiant every where.  
From heartworn shackles, yea from life's despair,  
Thou dost invite the wretched to a home,  
Beneath the shadow of thine outstretched wings,  
The secret chambers of thy watchful care,  
The freedmen of allpowerful grace to prove.  
Held in the vision of the life that springs,  
With its inspiring music, from Thy love.—  
Midst promises infrangible and broad,  
Upon Thine arm to lean ! Redeemer God.

**XII.**

Now the splendor of Elias,  
Bursts—preceding the Messias.  
From lone hills, and caves retreating,  
Locusts and wild honey eating :  
Furnished forth he comes midst greeting.  
Coat of hair a belt confining :—  
He a lamp prepared and shining.

**XIII.**

In the Spirit of Elias,  
He announces the Messias.  
Soon His Throne and Right eternal,  
He asserts with acts supernal.  
Now—make straight the way before Him !  
Now—His vineyard's fruits restore Him !

### Rebibal First.

#### XIV.

He from death's strong bolted sentence,  
Frees the wicked on repentance.  
Holds the high enunciation  
Of Redemption and Salvation.  
Whoso on HIS name believeth,  
In HIM endless life receiveth,  
Through HIS name of names most glorious,  
By HIS arm of arms victorious,  
He who slights this heavenly Mentor,  
Bliss supreme shall never enter ;  
Ne'er shall know the grace that won him,  
But God's wrath abideth on him.

#### XV.

And with energy of thunders,—  
With the might that cleaves and sunders  
Hearts of men from sin and blindness,  
By its strong coercing kindness :—  
Came this John, this new Elias,  
To prepare for the Messiah.  
Each convinced returned transgressor,  
Pointing to his great Successor.

#### XVI.

Midst oleanders, olives, flower-clad steeps,  
Of tortuous, fleeing Jordan, drift the crowd.  
Down from the rapids, clear the cool wave sweeps  
In sparkling breaks, a torrent rife and loud.  
And then anon the worried water sleeps,  
In pools that mirror with abrupt surprise  
The multifold surveys of earth and skies.—

### Rebibal First.

There John baptizes the repentant. Lo,  
What deep discovering light ! what moods arise !  
What trenchant thoughts neath words that pierce  
and glow !

As anxious multitudes come forth and go.

### XVII

Who with steps Divine, all Beauteous,  
To the heavenly mandate duteous,  
While the concourse heard and trembled,  
Stood amidst the crowds assembled ?  
Not with Horeb's terrors thunderous,  
But in simple state more wondrous.  
Hid from glare of observation,  
But with meekness of salvation ;  
And, in pitying lovingkindness,  
Stands unmarked by human blindness ?

### XVIII

Perfect came Adam from the hand Divine,  
Much more so HE who waits amid the crowds.  
No stain of earth his pensive aspect clouds.  
Meekness and majesty about him shine.  
Authority and princedom mould his mien.  
Tho' pity and love sit regent. Stand with awe,  
Ye crowds : with reverence let him be seen.  
Why has he come ? To magnify the Law :  
And with eternal righteousness uplift  
The ransomed ones—his own,  
Into the life which is his Father's gift,  
Into the glory that infolds his Throne.

### Rebibal First.

Lo! saints in flashing chariots of light,  
And hosts angelic, hail the wondrous sight.  
There the thrilled Jordan from his faultless form  
Falls back—like drops irradiate in the storm,  
Tinged by the blissful arch, God's seven hued bow,  
On which he looks, his promise to fulfil:  
And binds the rampant floods from overflow,  
And bids the covenanted seasons still  
Their marvels of exactitude fulfil.

### XIX.

Now in melodious awful thunders deep,  
Of recognition, and sweet words of love,  
Rolls the Great Father's voice on nature's sleep.  
While, for a world's compassion, as a dove,  
Descends the Omniscient Spirit from above.  
Thrice wondrous scene! What grace,  
From which trine lights outleap.

### XX,

On what marvels, terse, amazing,  
Are seraphic beings gazing!  
Of what glories new awaking,  
Are the saints in heaven partaking!

### XXI

O'er sensic tablets passing,  
Life its varied scenes is glassing.  
Through diversities and ranges,  
Midst its brevity and changes.  
And, in etchings phonographic,  
Words, abysmal or seraphic,

### Rebibal First.

Hide—with every thrill delighting,  
Or with lethal tones affrighting.  
With sure transcript, keen detection,  
Unmistakable perfection,  
Most minute discrimination,  
Void of lessening or dilation,  
Pictured, calotyped and worded.  
All in God's great books recorded.

In dim recesses untold splendor lurks,  
Some titan bound by stern potential chain,  
Or whelmed neath hills o'erturned,  
And seeming slain.  
Its hour must strike and fate no more restrain.  
Then will it rise to vindicate God's works :  
Wisdom that planned and science most severe,  
And truth in beauty as the noonday clear.

### XXII

To a solemn convocation,  
O'r all paths come up the nation.  
To a mountain ever growing  
Tense in interest crowds are flowing.  
These the streams that feed the ages.  
These the themes of ponderous pages.  
Lo, a beacon dimly burning  
On the cycles ne'er returning,  
Of a past that scorned its morrow,  
As it mocked and walked with sorrow.

### XXIII



### Rebibal First.

He, the marked One of the manger,  
Is he midst those scenes of danger?  
He—the Neophyte of Jordan?—  
Lo! His lips dispensing pardon:  
Teaching up and down, and healing,  
With a kindred act and feeling,  
For a history of wonder;  
Over which all worlds will ponder.  
Bearing with majestic kindness,  
Storms of hate and spheres of blindness.

### XXIV

From the sacred Temple Mountains,  
Rolls a murmur not of fountains.  
Vague confused discordant noises,  
Dreamy tones and earnest voices.  
Round the Holy City mustering,  
Full within its precincts clustering.  
And the day in its declining  
O'er the hallowed House is shining.  
Dipt in grandeur high inspiring,  
Cursive hues and tints retiring.  
Towers with gold and crimson tinctured —  
For half heaven is robed and cinctured,  
As the sun's red chariot lowers  
Down the dewy shadowy shores.  
And the spent winds like strong wrestlers,  
In hid aeries sink as nestlers.  
While through palms, midst odors volant,  
Dying murmurs sail somnolent.

### Biblical First.

And lone musings with emotion  
Trace the sad restrained devotion,  
Like dry dusty torrent courses,  
Unto lofty mountain sources.  
Till star-sprinkled tents of even,  
Pitched—show Prophets, long in Heaven,  
Who, throughout a life's decision,  
Flashed with rays that streamed in vision.  
And outlive earth's fleeting fancies,  
Though a subtle phase advances.  
Then high Patriarchs as strangers,  
Fold their flocks from midnight's dangers.  
And sequestered thoughts embolden  
To attempt the mysteries olden :  
Those great undecyphered pages  
Of the salient earlier ages,  
In the undefined outlying——  
Sage conjecture long defying.

### XXV

A lown cerulean shores of changeful sweep,  
Those dewy margins where soft shadows sleep,  
The fiery soundless coursers of the sun,  
Have fled unflagging. And the day is done.  
This is the hour of silence, of repose,  
Of sweet abandon which the wretched knows.  
But it is it ever thus—oblivion heaped  
O'er all the sorrows which the heart has reaped?

### XXVI

Momentous hour ! earth ne'er shall see again  
Scenes of that night, and love displayed as then.

### Rebibal First.

O Heavenly pity, wondrous rescuing,  
With which the everlasting years shall ring,  
And boundless space and endless days proclaim  
Grace—worlds can never estimate nor name.

In a garden, worn and lowly,  
Mark the MAN the Offering holy,  
Bowed by retribution wondrous,  
Neath a world's guilt huge and ponderous.  
See exacting Justice bruising,  
Till the precious life, effusing,  
In great priceless drops outpouring,  
Pleads for us a full restoring.  
Healing, by His leagured anguish,  
Souls in death and worlds in languish.

Such is woe, so vile is error.  
Such is sin—O word of terror !  
He, with whom all love compares not,  
Smites his holy Son—and spares not !  
When—as Chief of all confessors—  
Held in lieu of vile transgressors.  
Grace mysterious, grace supernal :  
Love unmeasured, love eternal.

### XXVII

While ignorance and self-complacent pride,  
By the great ocean build their castles high,  
Or in fantastic fastnesses abide,  
Deeming no shadow of destruction nigh,  
Quick bursts the whirlwind and with scarce a sigh

### Rebibal First.

Sweeps them amidst the ever moaning tide.

But Israel's chariots wait with flying speed  
The humble followers of the Crucified,  
The poor in spirit, in the hour of need.  
The pure in heart, dismantled, changed and tried,  
Who love the Lord and serve no god beside.  
Who dig amidst the riches of his mines

The more than diamonds of great promises.  
To whom the quickening apprehension shines

Of their Redeemer as the sum of bliss :  
Mountains of jewels—splendor and amount,  
Not sumless decades wil! avail to count.

### XXVIII

Kissed by treachery, friend forsaken :  
From the packed prætorium taken.  
Led away from mocking trial,  
Cruel scourging, foul denial.  
Robe of purple, crown acanthine. —  
He now showers the amaranthine,  
And the white robes of salvation :  
All the good in reservation.  
And the cross on which he perished,  
An eternal gem is cherished.  
And the hour of his forsaking,  
Proves to us the morn awaking.  
O ineffable salvation !  
Endless, rapturous contemplation.  
Galaxy of boundless wonders,  
Wrought in more than Horeb's thunders.

## Biblical First.

### XXIX

Through the black defiles of terror,  
Pour the mustered hosts of error.  
Monstrous powers in princely stations,  
Thrones and crushing dominations.  
All Hell's hostile legions banded.  
And he meets them single handed :  
By his blood bath in the garden,  
By his cross—our tree of pardon.  
Through his blamelessness and meekness,  
By his hours of stress and weakness.  
Till that life he took and cherished,  
Laid on rock of Godhead perished,  
O the High Eternal Lover !  
Earth and hell triumphant over.  
Interposing melting kindness  
Midst our stubbornness and blindness.  
God—for us who sinned and cared not,  
Smote the Son he loved—and spared not !  
Strange—ineffable deviser.  
More than wondrous sympathizer.  
Higher than the highest Heaven :  
Yet for us in ransom given !

### XXX

Behold the etherial spaces set with stars,  
The vast outlyings of this little sphere,  
This hostile earth, this mote-world held so dear ;  
And ask those suns which flee in fiery cars,  
Thick as the sands—yet come not each anear :  
Through all your mazes, each infinitude,

### Rebibal First.

Hath The Divine One wept for you a tear?  
Worn flesh and died upon the cruel cross,  
To win you back from an eternal loss?  
To load you with uncompensated good?  
To pour into your bosoms love for hate,  
And endless blessing for the accursed state?  
Full swells the cadence of the anthemed—No !

Ten thousand starry universes sing,  
And salutary planets come and go,  
Around the Throne of The Eternal King,  
And none the wonders of this love may know :  
The waveless wonders of Messiah's might.  
Love that went down into the vengeful night,  
And brought up blissful trophies to his praise,  
The fragrant garlands of His peerless ways.

#### XXXI

Shall the great stone—rolled and sealing,  
Bar the day of life's revealing ?  
Can the sturdy guards that keep him,  
Ward the hearts that seek and weep him ?

Lo ! the morn—the third—awaking,  
Calls the rock-framed earth to shaking,  
See—The Mighty One, in token,  
From the thralls of Hell has broken.  
Sullen deeps of Death restore him.  
All the gates swing back before him.

#### XXXII

When the rock-ribbed globe was shaken,  
Then did olden saints awaken,

### Biblical First.

After their Redeemer rising,  
Thrones of earth and hell surprising.

Flashed from clay and shot from cerement,  
Lustrous in a high endearment,  
Kings elect and prophets glorious,  
Over dust and death victorious :  
Roused by a Divine selection,  
An amazing resurrection.

Some from face of tyrants driven,  
Some by fierce revulsions riven.  
Some consumed midst flaming fuel.  
Some expunged by tortures cruel,  
Piecemeal torn and sawn assunder :  
Made a gazing stock and wonder.  
Midst dominions haught and towering,  
Counted as the earth's offscouring.  
Clad in skins, deprived, denuded.  
Hid in caves, from hope extruded.  
Hounded round, oppressed, afflicted,  
From all social good evicted.—  
Happy—when from earth's cold scorning  
Unto hopeful clay returning,  
Scarred with rod and galled with fetter :  
For the resurrection better,—  
First—pre-eminently glorious !  
With The Conqueror made victorious.  
With The King—the bound the centre—  
Through the parting heavens to enter,  
Midst the spoils from night wrapt regions,  
O'er Hell's chained and baffled legions.

Rebibal First.

XXXIII

Did He not wrench from out the fateful hold  
Spoils from the predeluvial times of woe,  
Those days of tyranny and anarchs bold,  
Of race corruptions dire and uncontrolled,  
Condemned to a wild watery overthrow ?  
Is it not in the sacred Record told,  
In words perfumed with life's rich overflow ?—  
The glory of his Princedom who shall know !

XXXIV

Heaven pours its crowns and worlds look on aglow  
Ruin comes captivated—dragged in chains :  
And domineering powers in open show.  
What trophies to The Victor fresh from pains,  
Late from the bar the cross the rock forlorn.  
Now passing through the sparkling gates of morn,  
His myriad myriad starry hives of space.  
Midst radiant clouds of blissful beings borne,  
With strains seraphic and exultant peals,  
He comes ! —The Crown crowned Victor, from  
the dead !  
New risen saints the lofty triumph grace,  
Hosts of the bodiless saved His marvels spread.  
Enthroned on cherubim and living wheels.  
Omnific.—Dazzling on His sapphire seat.  
Proved King of Kings and Lord of Lords,  
MOST HIGH.  
With all our foes fast bound beneath his feet.

END OF LAY FIRST.








THE  
RESURRECTIONS  
TRINE.

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L A Y   S E C O N D .

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*And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received mark upon their foreheads, or in their hand; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Rev.*







THE  
RESURRECTIONS  
TRINE.

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REVIVAL SECOND:

*The Resurrection First Future.*



O ISAAC'S Sons, Kings of the glowing East,  
Through Sarah Empress of the Royal Line,  
Drooped lie your heads ? And has that lustre  
ceased,  
Which lit the sacred hills of Palestine ? —  
Jacob, beloved of God, arise and shine !  
The opal crown of thy predicted race,  
The earth with its futurities is thine !  
A prestige trancelike, a delicious dream,  
A joy diffused, a broad lifebearing stream —  
Sweet healthful waters ; with a seed like sands,  
To fill, possess and beautify all lands :

## Rebibal Second.

Free as the winds and princely as the stars :  
Planting JEHOVAH's name on all the hills,  
Restoring earth with its ecstatic thrills.

And sin uprose and smote thee with disgrace !  
Imposed upon thy shoulders cruel bars ;  
Strove to obliterate the slightest trace  
Of Sarah's glory and of Abraham's race.  
And crushed thee to the earth. There didst  
thou lie ?

In hopeless and dispersed ignominy ?  
In helplessness and prone obliquity ?  
No ! Isaac's God, by new mysterious ways,  
Led thee far northward through the wilderness,  
With weal and woe, with grand and evil days ;  
With varied fortunes, gladness and distress,  
Through a long journey of two thousand years.  
And now at last, O People formed for praise,  
The golden cord of thy descent appears,  
Conducting from the labyrinth of night,  
The dismal catacomb of death and tears,  
Up to the radiant sunrise of delight.—  
Roused by the ocean's melancholy waves,  
From the dim long reverberating caves,  
Now what thou art and wert like phantoms rise,  
Astonish earth and claim the echoing skies. —

## II

O'er all heights exalted glorious,  
JESUS has gone up victorious.  
Hosts of heaven before him flowing.  
Clouds of seraphs round him glowing.

### Rebital Second.

Midst the ransomed crowned and singing.  
Wondrous spoils and trophies bringing.  
Girt with saints in bodies splendid,  
With all rich perfections blended.  
Life obtained and perils ended.

#### III

Prince of Life, he has ascended :  
Now his flock will seem unfriended ;  
Though his unseen arm eternal,  
Shields them midst the rage infernal.  
Midst the nets of strong polutions,  
Midst the fires of persecutions.

#### IV.

Many a pure and choicest jewel,  
Filched by hands forever cruel.  
Some consigned with vast unkindness  
Unto dens of stony blindness  
Outraged, hunted, deemed injurious.  
Thrown to lions gaunt and furious.  
Driven to caves and wilds outlying,  
Where the splintered cliffs are sighing.  
There, where waste and ruin hovered,  
Moulder whitened bones uncovered.—

#### V

High o'er the sumptuous City seven hilled,  
And odorous gardens of Agripina,  
The stars are hiding silently away,  
As folds of cloud, with sombre vapours filled,  
Drift o'er the vault cerulean, and awake  
A weird mood, and of its spell partake.

## Rebibal Second.

While from yon obelisk, so gaunt and tall,  
No sigh steals down, no moondropt shadows fall,  
And yet that pillar is a god deposed,  
Served in the ravening, pathetic past,  
When wanton error chained its votaries fast,  
By awful rites imperfectly disclosed,

But terror hoots as from a fitful blast,  
Albeit the circling heavens yet watch in peace,  
Wooing in quiet the luxuriant earth.  
Hark—groans and execrations mixt with mirth !  
Now goblin horrors muster for affray,  
Concluding night more consonant than day  
For deeds of cruelty and hope's surcease.  
A sudden glare lights up those ghostly towers,  
Shows Nero the accursed amidst his bowers,  
Awaiting the amusing tragic show.—  
Soon, midst sustaining love none else may know,  
Come humble Christians bound and dragged along  
To suffer for that blissful Name—the Highest.  
A voice—hark to the compensating song—  
Life, peace and conscious victory through Christ,  
Tho' swathed in pitch and round as candles placed  
O honored saints, as torches flaming red !  
Jewels of Heaven rich lives poured out as waste,  
To light the chariot of the worst of men.  
Sweet o'er their souls the balm of joy is shed  
And quells the flames. They will revive again—  
Those bodies—and no longer tents of pain,  
But fashioned of choice powers in wealth of make.

## Rebital Second.

Even now the glad exchange! As kings new  
crowned,

They rise and soar invisibly away.

While the vile reveller's steeds sweep o'er the  
ground,

Gloating in tortures and midst horrors gay.

### VI

See, fair Salem sits beleaguered!

As the holy word prefigured.

Tiber's forces hard impressing,

Fiery feuds within distressing.

Many and extreme divisions,

Scathing zeal and indecisions.

But a lull, a slight cessation,

Interposes brief duration,

Aids the waiting saints' salvation.

Liberates a remnant nation.

High—and not to be mistaken—

As the night lit beacons waken,

Though reluctant, and with pity.

Benjamin forsakes the city.

### VII

Involved in mystery, deep couched in night,

The Woman flees into the wilderness:

Midst lapse and change escapes from human sight,

Through avenues of strivings and distress.

Ousted from golden state so lightly prized,

As one forlorn, disowned, condemned, chastised.

Yet armed with shield, with arrows sharp and

bright.



## Rebital Second.

And joined by little Benjamin but now,  
With delegated splendor on his brow;  
Midst strifes and battles bearing forth the light.  
Obscured and yet preserved, designed to blaze  
With life and vigor in these latter days.

### VIII

From the deep seas, in dark crisis,  
A mysterious power uprises.  
Imperceptibly and slowly,  
Midst the brotherhood so lowly.  
A leviathan of ocean,  
In the great sea of devotion.  
His vast serpent folds yet hiding,  
Waiting for an hour betiding.

Soon with subtle transformation,  
Studied sleights and oiled evasion,  
Towers amidst the seven hilled city  
Flaunting arms of open pity;  
Tones and chrisms in love's expanses,  
Gradual, cautious midst advances.  
Till in dusk illomened hour,  
Mounting to the seat of power.

### IX

Deepes have been ventured, continents beyond,  
Pointed the quest of this arch Dynasty.  
Attractive thrones of power by fortune sunned,  
And dungeons heaped with chains of tyranny,  
Waiting to manacle the conscience free,  
And bind the light of Heaven and cast it out,  
To render back the soul to godless doubt.

## Rebibal Second.

Alas! the wolf has crept into the fold,  
Rousing from hungry disingenuous sleep,  
With lamblike pause. And now prepares to leap  
And rend the flock in frenzy fierce and bold.

### X

Soon the Little Horn arises. —  
Woe to him who now despises  
Aught the haught usurper teaches.  
Far his impious art outreaches.  
The true demon fish of ocean,  
Frights the seas with vexed emotion.  
Mark those flying arms tenticular,  
While his inky mouth auricular,  
In spume of blasphemy close hiding,  
Deals out death to souls confiding.

Proudly posed in walled dictation,  
Wily of manipulation,  
Masked—and palpably audacious,  
Fenced in proof and most rapacious.  
False and fallen and pernicious :  
In all aims and acts flagitious.

See this Power in opposition,  
Huge and bold in exhibition.  
Bloated—and in high pretensions,  
Far exceeding all dimensions.  
O'er all holy heights has vaulted,  
In God's temple sits exalted :  
On the throne of worship seated,  
With eternal titles greeted.

## Rebital Second.

Skilled in craft, in lying clever—  
But to be cast down for ever  
From the acme of presumption,  
With each crude profane assumption.  
And from vaulting power and plaudit,  
Passing to the final audit.

### XI

See this Craft of spoliation,  
Drag in chains Christ's remnant Nation.  
Frenzied dogmas fulminating,  
Couched in fury unabating.  
By their acts traduce—defy him,  
Mock, dethrone and crucify him.  
Heaps of mouldering decretals  
Pledge the stake—preclude acquittals.  
Wraiths affright the vision specular—  
But the sword is wholly secular!  
Thus the headsman in cool waters  
Washes clean those hands from slaughters;  
One unbidden guest evading  
Midst the ghastly masquerading.

### XII

Ah, how incomprehensible is sin!  
What utter obloquy in every phase.  
What woe betides it in its boasted ways.  
What disappointments. What closed thirst  
within.  
What wracked loss: what elemental strife.  
What alienation from The Perfect Life,  
The Glorious, The Ineffable, The Kind.

## Rebibal Second.

The Infinitely Lovely. The Great Mind,  
Comprising all perfections. Can this be ?  
And is it possible that it has been—  
This fell Destroyer, this blind enmity,  
This monster whose defiant name is Sin ?

### XIII

Stoled and blazing forth in scarlet,  
Mark the jewelled brazen Harlot.  
Gorged with gold and red with slaughters,  
Proudly throned on many waters.  
Fenced with fire and pranked siderial.  
Tripple crowned, with port imperial.  
Trenched in aims that never vary.  
Armed with keys and proud tiara.  
With the crook that speaks the shepherd,  
— Fangs of wolf and spots of leopard.  
Placing foul those feet aggressive  
On the necks of kings oppressive.

Brandished high with frequent flicker.  
The inebriating liquor  
In her golden cup is beaded.  
Nothing bated, nor impeded,  
Though from saturnalias rising,  
Genuflexions still devising.  
With portentious reservation  
Holds and guards the situation.  
Midst her wassails peoples mustering  
Noisy feverish rough and blustering.

## Rebital Second.

Stolid—senseless—void of feeling,  
O'er the scenic dias reeling.  
As chief plotter and protractor,  
As a hardened shameless actor.

### XIV

Many a choicest holiest jewel  
Wrenched by hands forever cruel—  
Yes, as sheep by dogs are worried,  
See them chased, devoured and scurried  
Through the dark dismantling ages,  
Through their blood-bespattered pages.  
Killed and scattered, hither—thither.  
Yet must all conspire together  
For the blissful purifying  
Of the saints—triumphant dying.

With a fiendish zest unsated,  
On the vile rack dislocated ;  
Lifted up in nets of wire,  
Cramped in vests of strange attire,  
With most bitter care suspended,  
Tortured—and yet life defended !

Midst black walls that close environ,  
Stretched on beds thick spiked with iron :  
While the cloaked and masked inquisitors  
Glide like spectres, seem as visitors  
From the rueful pit unsounded,  
With the haze of hell surrounded.  
In each wrench condign delighting,  
Horrors grateful and inviting !

## Rebital Second.

Frantic relish fiercely firing,  
Hate—infernal hate—inspiring,  
Anguish exquisite distilling,  
Skilled—yea deeply versed—in killing :  
Gloating o'er each awful crisis—  
Greed which shames the black abysses !

### XV

Who through terrors thus escorted,  
Could endure them unsupported ?  
Frail, emotional and pliant,  
Thus could brave the wolf defiant ?  
None ! But high o'er human weakness,  
God exalts relying meekness :  
Through the Mighty Arm sustaining,  
Yielding all, yet all things gaining.  
And in final, kind removal,  
Crowned with the Supreme approval.

### XVI

Crushed and burnt—accounted zeros,  
Mark the radiant conquering heroes,  
At the stake and midst the flashes  
Sunlike rising from their ashes,  
Ripe for Heaven, and thither pressing  
On the golden wheels of blessing.  
High from fiery faggots mounting  
Into bliss beyond recounting.  
From a cell of dole and fasting,  
Borne through portals everlasting.  
From fierce strifes and feuds alarming,  
Into worlds intensely charming.

## Rebital Second.

From life's spoil and man's derision.  
To the beatific vision.  
Better far—O much the rather—  
At the right hand of the Father! ———  
How the thoughts most inexpressive,  
Rise and swell and pass successive.  
And rich ardors o'er the last time,  
Rise like eagles strong in pastime.

Here the sad unsating present,  
With its loved things evanescent,  
With its blossoms strown and fallen  
On the foam of torrents swollen.  
Parted—and returning never,  
Blighted—and dismissed forever.  
There—the fragrant wreath unfading,  
There—the view without the shading,  
The undreamed and the supernal  
Splendors of the state eternal.  
Safe with Christ in Christ confiding,  
By the Triune Throne abiding.—  
God—the kind—the high—the glorious,  
Leads them—crowns them—blest, victorious.

What the world's deceitful splendor?  
What this life—which all surrender?  
See it laid—a simple token—  
To be burned or to be broken.  
Readily—without misprision,—  
In obedience, in submission,  
At His call and in compliance—  
For that Friend in true alliance.

Rebital Second.

He in deathless loving-kindness,  
Tasted death to heal their blindness—  
Yea to crown His interceding—  
On the cross hung pierced and bleeding.

XVII

—Muffled close in garb mysterious,  
Walk the yet-days sad and serious,  
Silently the Past is buried.  
Startlingly—full armed and serried,  
Down the dim sublunar regions,  
Clang the sanguinary legions.  
All of hope, of dread, of sorrow,  
Sit on perch-tree of to-morrow.  
All of bale, and all of glory,  
Swell the act, and thrill the story.

XVIII

Ominous,—voiceless as the lone giraffe,  
In its doomed silence gazing on the spheres,  
Stands an eternity of startling years.  
While, like decrepit age bent o'er its staff,  
Tho't parleys and grows grave that used to laugh.  
Thus the wild courser, tameless on the plain,  
Feels the sly lasso in each bounding vein:  
Tho' all controlless in its headstrong might,  
Heeds and succumbs perforce in evil plight.

But shall this being last, this efflux stream,  
That was not, and now is? Which  
Midst countless obstacles, thro' je



## Rebital Second.

To go, as went the myriads who have gone,  
Vanish, surcease, and baffle sight to trace  
Its secret journey, or its resting place?  
Ay, shall it last and live, and still think on,  
With ever growing and mysterious power?  
Is it not written on the photosphere?

Its immortality sits in the sun:  
Yon lamp that burns to light this lone child here,  
Through the first stage of an august career.

His endless future ripples from the wide  
Full earth of glories, a recountless tide.

Its omen flickers in regret's vain tear:  
Its mystery topples in hope's castles tall.  
He starts—'tis but a prophesy of fear,  
A slipping foot that might portend a fall.

The elusive hand which writes within the ken  
Of his live fancy, holds no mortal pen.  
Behold him restless—ah, his home's not here:  
He thrills—'tis the unopened life within.  
He writhes with pain—it is the worm of sin,  
That bites the bud which vivifies the hour.  
Mateless, unclassified, strange dappled flower,  
Designed with glory to festoon the spheres.  
Stamped with the impress of supernal skill.

O eagle! powerless to o'erflit yon hill,  
Bruise not vain pinions in such swift career.

No mountain earth-confined arises here,  
Mantled with forests, summit crowned with snows  
Of the keen mists which thawless winters froze.  
No! 'tis the hill of Truth. Upon its head

## Rebital Second.

The light of a withdrawing world is shed.  
Faith—only faith can mount its flashing height,  
Beyond the snowfalls, clouds and crags of night.

O film of flesh that slips from change to change,

Thin as the line the spider spins at dawn,  
Light weighted with the dews that waft it on  
In the free forest airs. That floats away,

Beneath the opal sky to reach some stay.—  
Beyond the sculptures of the honeycombed  
Long listening valley cliffs, a tree takes root,  
Bearing a grateful an immortal fruit,

Flourishing midst a city richly domed.  
No vale of penthos darkens that sweet clime  
But ceaseless spring and songful autumn time.

### XIX

When the votary of adeption  
Pales beneath a last conception :  
Ere from midst its living vases  
Thought exhales and leaves no traces :  
When the vision is suspended,  
And the day's last labor ended,—  
Whence—through vagueness of to-morrow,  
Life's low evensong of sorrow ?

But is such the bitter potion ?  
Such the passing saint's emotion,  
When earth's vision is suspended,  
Time and hopeful labors ended ?  
When in all life's busy places,  
Quiet sits midst empty spaces ?

## Rebibal Second.

Must he pass with tones of sorrow  
To an unbespoke to-morrow?  
Does not joy walk forth before him,  
And the peace of God fall o'er him?

### XX

Lo! triumphant days await ye.  
Hours that richly reinstate ye.  
Martyrs! yea, with Christ regaining  
Frames of light, ye shall be reigning.  
Leaping from your hid inurning,  
At the glorious King's returning.  
From the east ~~he~~ comes, as lightning  
Flashing to the west and brightening.  
To the hills—but not the palace  
Where He emptied once the chalice,—  
Ah! our brimming cup that glittered,  
Inconceivably embittered.

### XXI

Though the seven crowned dragon rages,  
Fenced in mysteries of the ages.  
Though his prodding horns ten numbered,  
Seem with cloud as yet encumbered.  
Though two Witnesses hig' spoken,  
Rest in crysalis unbroken:  
Or developed in past flowing,  
Yet elude the sage most knowing.  
Though great Babalon, the city,  
Strong and bad and void of pity,  
Suffer vague interpretations,  
Varied posing midst the nations,

### III

## Rebibal Second.

From conjecture and divining,  
Clearer than the midday shining.  
Free from wrong and defend r.  
Will burst forth the truth with splendor.  
Those who trust and those who doubt it.  
Floating like the clouds about it,  
Not one whit—the least—found failing :  
Clear, eternal and prevailing.

### XXII

And this day of glory quickens,  
Through the cloud-weighed night that thickens.  
When—as from the east the lightning,  
Comes The King, creation brightening.  
To His waiting sanctuary,  
To a world long faint and weary.

Round His emerald Throne of lustre,  
Gem-like, priests and prophets clustre.  
Lo ! enthroned on cherubs flying,  
While the martyrs rise undying.—  
Crowned with love, intense with radiance,  
In the moment of expedience,  
Comes He—not with observation—  
To His reinstated Nation.

### XXIII

We are halting, weak and human,  
Struggling on midst time's acumen ;  
Up and o'er each rugged gradient ;  
On till bursts the gladness radiant.  
O the miracle amazing !  
Earth from dreams awakes to praising.

## Rebibal Second.

Rivers slow and torrents rushing,  
Waft the floods of rapture gushing.  
For the Prince of the salvation,  
Re-exalts His chosen Nation.  
From His shining arm puissant,  
Flashes glory rich and crescent.  
Hills, with sweet reverberation,  
Echo far the broad salvation.  
Light's silken tongues soft quivering,  
Catch the tones for swift delivering,  
High from pinnacles and steeples,  
For all nations, tongues and peoples.  
Rolls the full melodious thunder,  
Throbs the glory and the wonder.  
Rings in multitudes of changes,  
Through dim labyrinthine ranges.  
With melodious salutation :  
Brimmed with rapture and salvation.  
Gems ten thousand rise and clustre,  
Floating in a sea of lustre.  
In cold cells and silent chambers,  
Joy and hope revive their embers.

### XXIV

Midst sophisticated wooing,  
Midst the clanking ills accruing,  
Evil shamed, and quickly hiding.  
Falls before the good betiding.  
In cool founts, without suffusion,  
Hands unsoil with pure ablution.  
Servile aims, and acts unkindly,  
With revenge that dogs them blindly,

## Rebibal Second.

Scorns to-day, despoils to-morrow.  
This paternity of sorrow,  
Practiced long, and deep corroded,  
Then will hide, ashamed, exploded.

Earnest minds and pliant muscle,  
Through the coming times will tustle,  
Till coy evils, disappointed,  
Tumble, vanquished and disjointed,  
And, in highest culminating,  
Sink before the good awaiting.

Diamond tipt and radiant actions,  
Godlike deeds and benefactions,  
Ever lavished, never wasteful.  
Sin in all its shams distasteful.  
Good exalted to inherit  
Stoles of power and zones of merit :  
Set on heights, and gracing niches,  
Midst the earth's o'erflowing riches.  
Marvels bursting unexpected.  
Hidden forces just detected.  
God, His word of grace expressing,  
Heals the earth with bliss and blessing.  
Decks the fields, reclaims the flagon.  
Into night extrudes the dragon.

From The King's rich book of treasures  
Loftiest moods, and holiest pleasures :  
Brimmed, for every tribe and nation,  
With the good things of salvation.

## Rebibal Second.

In itself a vast creation.  
Wonders above wonders rising.  
Themes enrapturing and surprising.  
Vistas into views transcendent.  
Bliss ten thousand fold resplendent.  
Lo! The King himself unfolding,  
Men to holiest purpose moulding.

Are we faithful true and zealous?  
Sword of earth shall never quell us.  
Though it fall or though it sever,  
Truth must rise supreme for ever.

### XXV

Shall the two worlds meet and mingle?  
Worlds reserved, distinct and single?  
Castes profound, scarce designated?  
Proud estates, wide separated,  
Each ordained—conserved—unsifted,  
Barred by mysteries uplifted?

Ever from our view retreating,  
Are we ready for the greeting?  
For an interchange completed,  
For its thrill ings, are we fitted?  
Are these bodies—weak and tender—  
Adequate to bear the splendor,  
Intimate—and rifts of glory,  
Breaking through the shadows hoary?  
Converse new for earth's low senses,  
Frail embrasures, sad defences!

## Rebital Second.

### XXVI

Shall the two worlds meet and mingle?  
Rather, each defined, and single.  
Each in proper sphere secluded.  
Yet anon enough obtruded.  
Known by certain influences,  
Not illuding all the senses.  
Oft and oft some overflowing,  
To the tranced observer showing  
Something wondrous and imperial,  
Underneath the blue ethereal.

But will time arise, when learning.  
Deep and hidden things discerning,  
By close, patient observation,  
Even to the holy nation,  
Will, in this time stage of being,  
Faith exchange for sight and seeing?

No! And to the hopeful—never,  
Till the golden armed FOR EVER,  
Bind in GOD'S supreme embraces,  
All the saved of all the races.

END OF LAY SECOND.







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L A Y T H I R D .

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*And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. Rev.*

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THE  
RESURRECTIONS  
TRINE.

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REVIVAL THIRD:

*The Resurrection Final.*



A THOUSAND years!—Perhaps thick golden  
sheaves,  
Each of those days the nucleus of a year,  
Dropping in ripeness, like autumnal leaves—  
Nay! the rich mellow fruits, ere autumn sere  
Sits, rainbow crowned, midst calm and smiling  
hours,  
Loaded with marvellous spoils of fruits and  
flowers.

A thousand years : what fervor o'er them veers,  
Beauty melodeous, joys superbly thick,

### Rebital Third.

in the divine Book of the holy Seers,  
High toned and tense with power, and limnings  
quick  
With life and amaranthine tints of Heaven.

And they were there—the martyred holy ones,  
Who in the prowess of surpassing faith,  
In heavenly acts, upborne by filial love,  
O'ercame the terror armed deposer—death,  
And witnessed for their loving Friend above.  
And in His light, exalted o'er the sun's,  
Beheld the heaven they sought and did obtain.  
What trifling loss, and what exceeding gain !  
What sumptuous rest—after somewhat of pain !

#### II

Thus strong Spring, the liberator,  
In the conflict proves the greater,  
Smites the death, and bursts the fetter,  
With a life supremely better.  
And fresh flowers and foliage thickening,  
Witness to a rapturous quickening.  
Thus, amidst Divine surprises,  
Gladness garlanded arises :  
Untold loveliness comprising  
Marvels beyond realizing,  
Of our God's supreme devising.

#### III

But did those martyrs mingle, in this state,  
With men incised by frailties at the best ?

### Rebital Third.

Hazard old conflicts on a couch of rest,  
Of which the obvious struggles long were gone?  
The thought is most extreme; how could it be?  
For such communion, how unfit are we,

In this our state of trial passing on! —  
Still hope and glory sat, with looks sedate,  
Midst the dim curtains of a tent withdrawn,  
In rueful hours since lost our first estate. —

Ah no, how could it be? Can life impinge,  
Disturbing the congruity of things?

Sharp boundaries and separating lines,  
Each to its province and its class confines.  
The crysalis in shadow waits its wings,  
Ere in the golden light it basks and springs.

#### IV

Those years will end. Only the years of Heaven  
Return in glory, green and not decayed,  
Perfect in light, perpetually new made.  
Calm as the clouds that float in skies of even,  
Deep dipt in liquid gold and carmine rich.  
Resting divinely in a diamond niche.

#### V

When those thousand years are ended,  
When the after days extended,  
Culminate in scoffs and scorning.  
Sin with brazen brow suborning.  
Satan, loosed the little season,  
Guides the world by light of reason,  
Midst recoil and strifes abysmal,  
Into horrors black and dismal.

### Rebibal Third.

Revelation fully scouted :  
All the future dared and doubted.  
Dark disastrous things conflicting.  
Good proscribed, and ill evicting.  
While ten thousand agravations  
Shake the dense and sensuous nations,  
Darkness-chained, and falsehood-blinded,  
Earth absorbed, and carnal minded.

#### VI

As before the deluge olden,  
Mail and casque will still embolden.  
Lying lore and psudo science,  
To wild theories attaining,  
Lithe and insolent in training,  
Sly and cult, with bold defiance ;  
Stubborn, rough, with brow unblushing.  
Bent on death and madly rushing.  
Itching ears full audience winning.  
Sin that makes a boast of sinning.  
Nature true in all her changes,  
Nothing weakens or deranges :  
And its independent action,  
Dreads no end nor stupefaction.  
Then all vaunts in escence summing :  
Where's the promise of His coming !

#### VII

Accomplished with redundancy of good,  
Resplendent from the thousand years of peace,  
Wearing the coronet of brotherhood.  
Alas ! for love and truthfulness can cease.

### Rebital Third.

The streams are poisoned—all the joy reversed.  
See—through those myriad castelated homes,  
Division rends, malignant rancor foams.  
And selfishness and jealousy accursed,  
And giant wickedness, stalk boldly forth.

A period drops on equity and worth.  
Behold the godly dwindled to a few,  
While plotting nations hold their end in view.

### VIII

Lapsing from a phase of wonders,  
Distant roll the muttering thunders.  
And the blinding flash incessant,  
From the far clouds banked and greatening,  
Piled in alpine ranges threatening,  
Massed in awful expectation,  
Streaks with fire the headlong present.

Yet exciting no sensation.  
No least murmur of surprises,  
From the sleeping glens arises.  
On the slippery old declivity,  
Prank mad mask and wild festivity..  
Groveling quests and glooms notorious,  
Supersede the radiance glorious.

### IX

Over the shadowy breadth of all the lands,  
See Satan mustering his myriad bands.  
What retinues, what skill, what splendor shines!  
Vantage of indefatigable power,  
Summons its might for one revengeful hour.  
And round about the Holy City—deep,  
And saints encamped--ah, what a few remains!--



### Rebibal Third.

What clouds of foes come rolling heap on heap,  
With ceaseless thunder and perpetual trains.

#### X

Shortlived the menace. Sudden vengeance wakes.  
The last dread trump arousing nature shakes.  
Behold the saints, with all the just who sleep,  
In heavenly bodies rise—no more to weep.  
Upcaught by angel ministries they soar,  
Exempted and triumphant evermore.

The heavens dissolve,  
Earth lights with fiercest flame.  
The wicked burn,  
And demons cower with shame.  
While sin surprised quails in its last retreat,  
Earth melts—it fades—has fled midst fervent heat.

Bursts the Great White Throne of lustre !  
Gems and myriad magnates clustre ;  
All the worth of all the ages,  
Graven on the shining pages  
Of the Book of life eternal,  
Midst the wondrous scenes supernal.

#### XI

There the Judge, once slain and slighted,  
Now majestic, throned and righted.  
Once the haught refused adore Him,  
Now all pride falls down before Him.  
Satan—dynasties of error—  
Cower and quail and sink with terror.

## Rebital Third.

Day that tries the soul's defenses :  
Day of earnest recompenses.  
Wondrous, full, exact awarding.  
Doubts and sleights for aye discarding.  
Death and sin to light have risen,  
Freighted for the awful prison.  
As the trumpet's rousing thunder  
Cleaves the rock-hid crypts assunder ;  
Strips the caves and gleans the oceans.  
While the dead, with new emotions,  
Burst from clay and strong environ,  
Stones and trees and cells of iron. —  
If we scorn—who there defends us ?  
Day with all results tremendous,  
Awful, woeful and tremendous.

## XII

Now, to glory never ending,  
Soar His saints, in light transcending.  
Trembling once they walked before Him :  
Now—with golden harps adore Him.  
Tearful sought the great salvation :  
Now—arise with exultation.  
Once pursued by ills close pressing :  
Now—deliverance shouts the blessing.  
Asked, He gave them strength for weakness,  
Asked, changed frowardness to meekness.  
And through deserts, as the fountain,  
Followed them to Zion's mountain.  
Where the Prince of Life is seated,  
With eternal transport greeted.

### Rebital Third.

Ever with their Intercessor,  
Of unchanging grace possessor.——

#### XIII

Moments, soft revalya beating,  
Mingle with a tide retreating.  
Not for glee and not for mourning,  
Nor most earnest quest, returning.  
Oft through haze from brink besecming,  
With belated glory beaming.  
Oft with symphonies regretful,  
Oft with arrows keen and hateful.  
Sometimes picturesque with terror,  
Gone—but here as if by error.

In the goblet wine is gleaming:  
On the quiet floats the dreaming:  
Wake the nymphs of wandering pleasure,  
And the Past revives in measure:  
Hopeless—wrecked—of life despairing,  
Yet with noble joys appearing:  
Iris clouds of Even flitting  
Where the tearful Day is sitting.

#### XIV

But is there healing for some life's deep sorrow,  
Supreme oblivion hovering o'er its morrow?  
When sad survival of a moaning past  
Shall swoon in a forgetfulness evast?  
No whisper, no reproach revive to mock  
The life crowned soul with earth's reverberate  
slack?

### Rebibal Third.

When even the memory of a record sickening,  
Shall drink forgetfulness, shall know no quick-  
cning ?

It may not be. But ill—reverted then,  
Will have no power to haunt and sting again :  
Transmuted by the sovereignty of grace ;  
With joy benign replenished and endowed ;  
Spoiled and enriched by One of wondrous ways,  
Man's strong Restorer. Thus a sombre cloud  
Snare the transforming sunlight and displays  
The invisible glory of its peerless rays.

#### XV

Halleluyas swell forever,  
Unto God, the lavish giver.  
The tripartite life of blessing,  
Ultimates in full possessing.  
First in flesh and then in spirit,  
Then the new frame to inherit,  
With its powers and gifts surprising,  
Deathless in effulgent rising.  
From this dust inane and feeble,  
Into powers ten thousand treble:  
From a state refining slowly.  
Into joys suprême and holy.

END OF LAY THIRD.







B E R T H A ;

A

LEGEND.

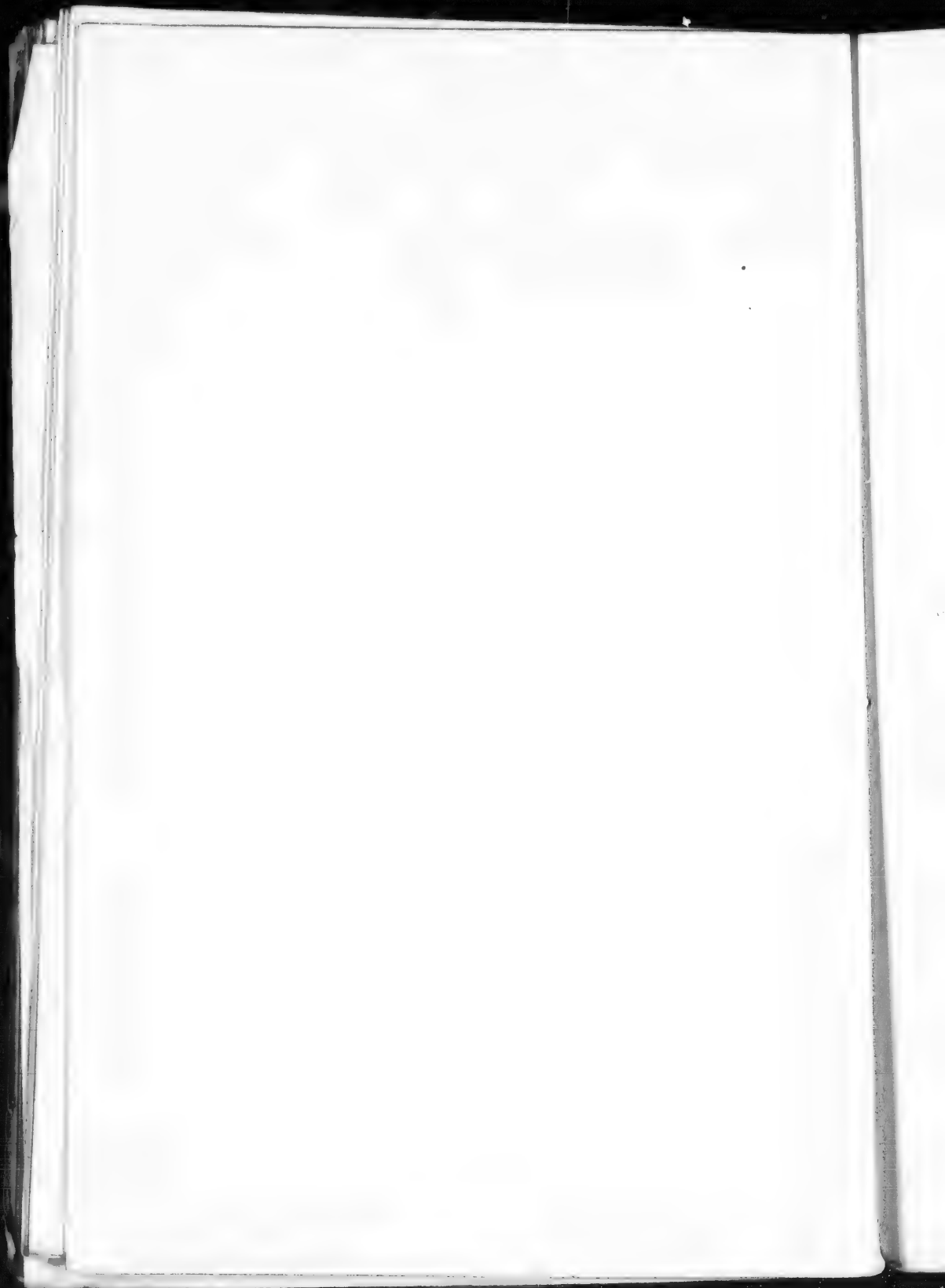


IN

FIVE

CANTOS.



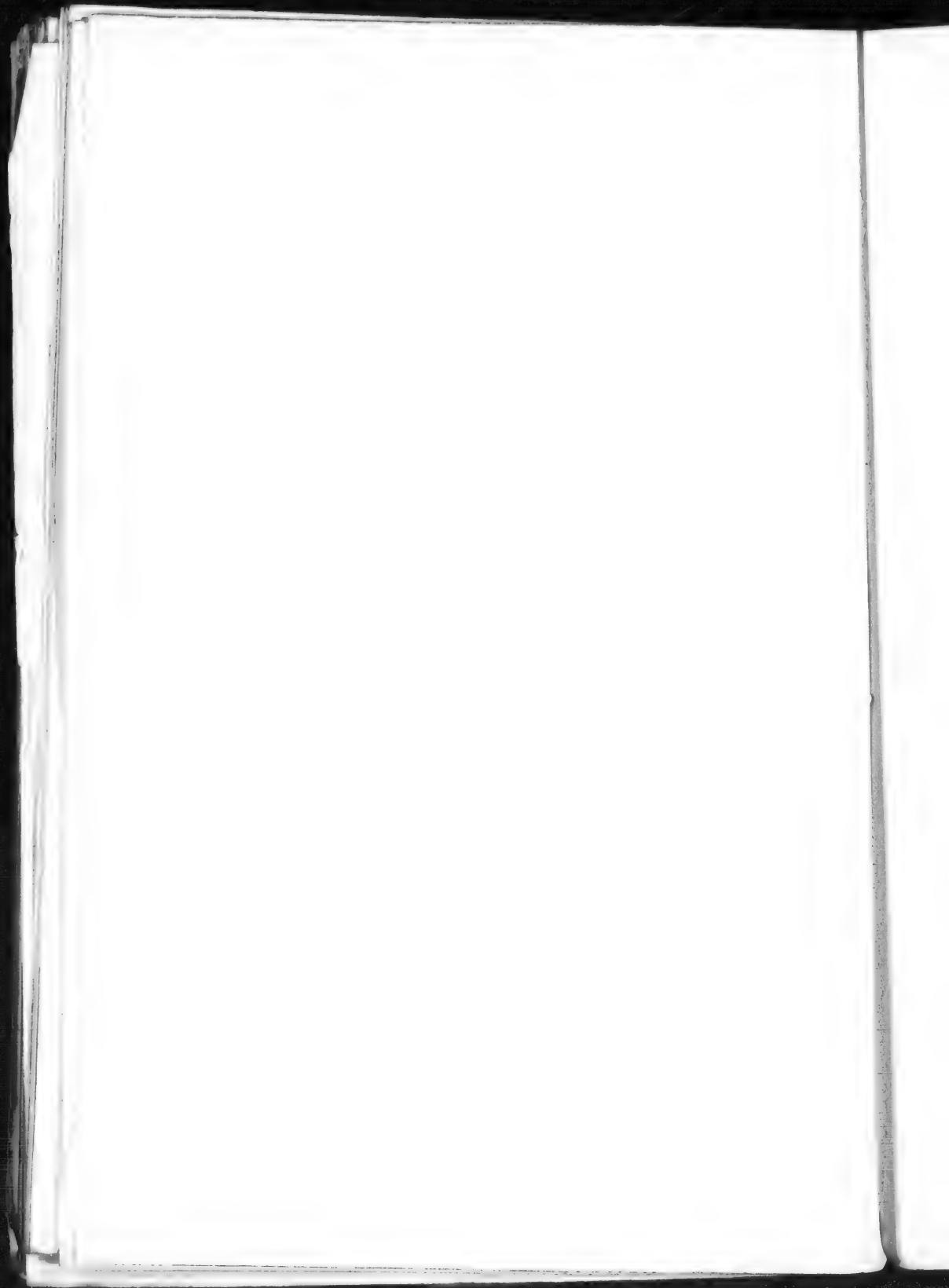


#### OBSERVATION.

Modern spiritualism, the Sorcery detailed, and awfully denounced in the sacred Volume, now boasts its forty millions of devotees. Ominous indeed ! While multiplying circles are busy scattering audacious, contradictory, shuffling, lying, and blasphemous spirit messages. Done with avidity worthy the notorious Snake who proved his aptitude for insolence and deception a long while ago.

No marvel that witchcraft in its full category, as the nucleus of idolatry, of hatred and rebellion against the Infinite Creator, should, in the Divine Code, find its penalty—death.







# BERTHA :

## A LEGEND.

~~~~~  
CANTO FIRST.

DARING to read the mystic scroll,
The first dim end of a mighty roll,
The fearful and thrilling secrets it holds,
Which sunlight and moonlight and shadow unfolds
With summer and winter and passage of years :
A history furnishing smiles and tears ; —
Fair Bertha stood in the Wizard's cell :

“ Now, by the power of thy choicest spell,
Assure me what fortune's hand shall strew,
What valiant knight at my feet will sue,
What distant climes my steps shall tread.”
But the wizard was silent—he shook his head :
“ Go back, fair Lady, let time unfold
Thy dower of love and thy dower of gold.
Fling to the winds all quest and care,
Thy spirits are buoyant and life is rare. —

B E R T H A

Let hope with its magical zest suffice,
Nor seek the secret that hidden lies."

"What! nothing to show? no tale to tell?
Taunting Magician, rouse thy spell!
The present I know, and have scanned the past,
Hail me the ship that is sailing fast,
Richly laden—proud argosy!
It is bringing the wealth of a world to me."
"Presuming Maid! must I show thee now?"
Was it anger or sorrow that gloomed his brow,
As he opened a portal in the wall,
That lead through a long and mirky hall?
Long cobwebs hung from the mouldering roof,
And the light's warm glory shrunk aloof,
As slowly and silently they past.
While the Lady breathed low and heart beat fast
And the twilight grew to a stony shade,
Which like a pile of the past decayed.
Then the toad leaped up from beneath her foot,
And the owl in midday was heard to hoot,
And the bat brushed her cheek with its wheel-
ing wing,
And she thought that she felt the serpent's sting
As around on the ebon base they glode,
While heavy and slow the Sorcerer strode.
And a shudder crept to the Lady's heart:
Ah! wished she not that she might depart?

A gleam of light met her straining gaze,
A star half hid in the midnight's haze;

A LEGEND.

But alas, oh never such was its ray,
And mouldering skulls in its tissue lay,
On one the flesh seemed hardly dried.
And something gleamed in the gloom beside,
But what that something she failed to guess :
And moss was there—but colorless.
That pallid moss around it grew,
It never had drunk the sun nor dew.
And the spider stealthily spun its line
Over the moss and over the shrine,
Weaving its web and wrapping its stole
Around the house of the deathless soul,
Which lay—but not in a charnel's gloom,
Not on the earth, and not in the tomb.
A shudder creeps to the Maiden's heart :
Ah, wishes she not that she might depart ?

Black night encurtained the Wizard's brow ;
“Presuming Maid ! must I show thee now ?”

“Taunting Magician ! show me all :
Uplift futurity's misty pall :
I would look behind the withholding screen,
Where the Future charioted is seen,
Stamping with haste's foam spattered steeds ;
Thick with glory and bent on deeds.
What gold and splendour are yet for me ?
What lofty knight will my true love be ?
What distant climes shall my proud feet tread ?
How many suns shall roll over my head ?”

B E R T H A :

Evil festooned the Wizard's brow.

"Thy Future shall rise—but it scorns to bow."

Abruptly he paused—then suddenly :

"Perhaps it were better the past to see.
Thou Wilt sooner heed and credit the tale.
If the past of thy life I first unveil.
Nor canst thou doubt, if I show it all
From the curtain's rise to its final fall."



BERTHA :

A LEGEND.



CANTO SECOND.

FROM embers that slumbered in quiet repose,
Thick fumes as he muttered a charm arose.
There was cunning and hate in the Wizard's eye
As the smoke of his incense mounted high.
And he slowly lifted a dusty veil : —

“ Now, Lady, behold—fear not, nor fail
To gather the tempting flowers of the past,
While the spell shall hold,— while the vision
shall last.”

A quiet gray cottage before her stood
By a gushing stream, and a verging wood.
Two sisters—one brother, a lad—and he
Was angling beneath a leaning tree :

B E R T H A :

And the little maidens were sporting about
Through the flowers and the foliage in and out.

Fair Bertha saw in the scene portrayed
A seat of her sires, an embowering shade,
Where the air of the mountains, fresh and hale,
Cooled the burning heats of a torrid vale.
Scene after scene bewitching appeared,
Fraught with the magic of things endeared;
And the wily Sorcerer mingled the while
Tones suggestive, and hints that smile,
Though gravely uttered. And Bertha knew
The scenes arising before her were true.
She felt that her past was exposed by a light
That bade it appear, whether gloomy or bright,
Recalling, reviving by phantom and act,
Incidents hidden, and insulate fact,
Till her history brief, briefly passed in review,
With words from the Conjuror added anew.

The alluring bait in still waters is cast
By one who had toiled o'er the piebald past.
The snare is hidden on flowery slopes,
While the vision comes up on colossal hopes.
And who will pause for moment, or fear
Conclusions that simply as facts appear,
When the stubborn Past arises attired
In freshness and beauty and life desired?

Who can deem it a wicked mock,
If the Future shall open at a knock,

A L E G E N D .

And the things to come appear as plain
As the past revived unto life again :
Thus fiends of darkness, with jugglings deep,
Lull the easily cheated heart to sleep,
Leading it warily to confide
The awful Future for demons to guide.
That future of which they know no more
Than the whispering shell on the ocean's shore.

Sin rolls its cloud o'er the wizard's brow :
"Proud Lady, and what must I show thee now?"

"Mighty Magician ! let me see
The splendor and power of Futurity :
Show me my gallant and courteous Knight :
The deeds that shall be, bring forth to my sight,
Fairly and plain—as thou didst the past :
Let Fortune's showers fall freely and fast.
For thou who knowest the past so well,
Canst the future as clearly and fully tell."

The maiden ceased ; but in heart she said,
"Who can he show me but Ethelred ?
Sir Ethelred the noble and brave :
How I long to behold his proud plumes wave.
Foremost and first of knights and men,
A victor from fields of the Saracen.
How I long to be certain it is he
Shall stand at the blissful altar with me !"

There was gloom or grief in the Sorcerer's eye,
Or hate : but the slow fumes mounted high.

B E R T H A :

Quickly he lifted a dusty vail :

“ Fair Mailen, behold ! ” But her cheek
grew pale.

Red ran the streams on a battle field,
And a charger beneath a horseman reeled,
And the knight's proud eye grew dim beneath
A flashing blade—for it dipt in death,
And the hapless Maiden shrieked and fell :—
“ Rise, Maiden, and look while lasts the spell.”
A tremor quivered throughout her frame :—
“ False Wizard ! name me that horseman's name.”
She turned her head and she veiled her eyes :—
“ 'Tis he— O Ethelred— he dies ! ”

“ Fair Lady, behold while lasts the spell.”
She gazed, alas, and she knew full well !
But the battle fled—and the Knight was gone.
And a low black Shape came shadowed alone.
The midday light did over it fade ;
But no earthly hand was on it laid,
While slowly as shade on a dial plate
It moved, and it stood in pompful state.
There, studded with points that vaguely gleamed,
That stygian and false thing fitfully streamed.
And a mantle rolled up on a gust of smoke,
As catches of fiendish music woke,
Mixt with a muffle of impious mirth,
Too feeble for hades, too grim for the earth.
That coal black toga now over it spread,—
The feeling that wrapt it, wraps the dead,

A L E G E N D .

When hope is gone and despair is gone :
When the heart has grown chill and the cheek
has grown wan.

There came up a sallow and meagre form,
Whose pulses of life could scarcely be warm,
Altho' they might live and altho' they might beat
With a vital power resembling heat.
And this sallow and meagre Hag did hold
A cup whose rim was enchased with gold.
And the liquor within did sparkle bright
As a starry stream on a beautiful night.
And the liquor within did resemble the wine
Of many a year from its choicest vine.
And the liquor within would give life you'd think
To the very dead—if the dead might drink.
But there was a contrast strange and high,
In that gray Eld's cup and that gray Eld's eye.
For one shot a gleam which was not a ray,
The other was bright as the ringlets of Day.

Once more—Lo, a Maiden young and fair,
Smiles feast in her cheeks, and gems dance in
her hair.

Like the foam that floats on a torrent's flow,
Is her flowing robe, and like april's snow.
And stones—soft stars thick sprinkled there—
Encircle her neck and her bosom rare.
And one—a monarch that holds his throne,
Sits dazzling and rich in a costly zone.
Her eyes—they are poetry and power.
She knows 'tis the sweet girl's nuptial hour :

B E R T H A :

Her Knight—he is lofty, and over his brow
The plume of his casque is seen to bow.
She views till the pageant seems to nod
Like the rose of June o'er its emerald sod,
When the winds of summer are at play,
And laugh in the groves at the shut of day.

Stately the Knight—but with brow half hidden
By plumes that nod over a look unbidden,
Though the hilt of his sabre is set with a gem
Fitting to flame in a diadem.
Yes, madness is gathering in his eyes,
Like a cloud that speeds till the noonday dies.
Fair Bertha shrank as she gazed thereon,
For it grew like a sky which had known no dawn.

Yet the rite has winged its joyous tone
To the glorious foot of eternity's Throne.
And bliss and blessing bright shafts deliver,
In golden jets from a radiant quiver,
To fence the vipers that make the strife
In the hopeful thrall and the fiat of life.
Thenceforth designed a journey of joy,
Gathering gladness without annoy.



BERTHA:

A LEGEND



CANTO THIRD.

HIGH flamed the lamps in a gorgeous Hall,
On pannel and ceiling and frescoed wall.
On faces glad as the voices of spring,
Eyes radiant and fleet as the song bird's wing.
There, merged in loveliness, stood the bride,
And her proud lord gaily leaned beside.
Enriched were her cheeks with tints of heaven,
The roseate tints of morn and even;
A flush from the delicate flowers of june,
With the purest charm of its cressive moon.
But the merry lamps of that midnight fell
On a spectre raised from the charnel cell.

B E R T H A :

It floated in on a song of sleep,
Like a nameless wreck on a rushing deep.
It stood like a spectre rising aghast
From the dark the remote and the unknown Past.
No hand was near it, no footstep's fall,
And over it hung the burial pall.
It moved without help, it stood as lone
As the priest of the Grave by Time's crumbling
throne.
Wild were her glances, cheeks bloodless and white
—"Read me, false Wizard! this horrible sight."

"Lady, behold while lasts the spell."—
Portrayed before her she saw full well!
In the very midst of that festive hall
Hung the deathly urn with its rayless pall.
But the withered Hag upon it sat,
With her golden goblet, in horrible state.
And a ghastly smile crept over her cheek,
Like the mist o'er a precipice fearful and deep.
Her hand was dried like the bones of the tomb,
The skin of her face was divested of bloom,
And her eye shot a gleam—'twas the glitter of
doom!

Bright blazed the lamps of that festive hall,
On the guests—and the marbles that breathed
in the wall.
Free fell rich tresses o'er tinsel and pearl.
Dark eyes glanced softly as light waves curl—

A L E G E N D .

The ripple that swims on a forest hid lake,
When the clouds slowly sail and the leaves
 gently shake.
And clear was each brow, and the harper
 sang blithe
As mower e'er caroled while whetting his scythe.

Bertha gazed on the Bride—she was radiant as
 bliss

In hearts newly mantled with happiness.
She noted the knight—but his brow grew dark,
And his eyes shot a glow—'twas a perilous spark,
Like the wild fiery cloud gathering black o'er
 the sea,
While the sails idly flap and the mariners pray.

High lamps over splendor are flashing and bright,
But moody and savage becomes the Knight.
He is feasting not now on the face of his bride.
The coffin is moving—it stands by his side!
It came without help, and it stands alone,
Ghastly—more drear than a new tomb stone.
A coif of horror its shape half hid,
Where the withered Hag sat perched on its lid.
Her shoeless feet touch not the floor :
On one there lingers a sign like gore !
Her shadow is over the coffin thrown,
A goblin shape and horribly lone.

See ! her hand is extended—'tis palsied and cold,
But it holds the chased cup of surpassing gold.

B E R T H A :

And the Knight looks up and the Knight looks
down,

But the smile on his lips has been scathed to
a frown :

Like the leaf that lies crumpled scorched and sere
Beneath the foot of the forest deer,
When autumn with steeds of cloud has past,
Convulsing the trees with his frost and blast.

The knight looked up and the knight looked down,
Evil that eye, and black that frown !
Then drew he the hand his young bride held,
And he reached it forth to the withered Eld.
She relinquished the cup from her bony clasp,
Hideous her grin as sin's last gasp.
And her hollow eye conceived a ray
Which never drank in the exulting day.

High flamed the lamps of that gorgeous hall,
O'er the groups and the Marbles that sighed
in the wall.

And the glee was rife as the ocean tide,
And the Knight held the cup to the lips of
his Bride !

That goblet—'twas carved with the costliest care,
It was studded with jewels radiant and rare ;
The liquor danced brightly as pure stars shine,
And the bridegroom—he prest her to taste the
wine !

Then the Hag stood up on the coffin lid,
And the pall that half of its horror hid—

A LEGEND.

She gathered it up and she sun it by,
And clapt her hands in fiendish joy
They were lean and dried as the potter's clay,
And she howled like the gust in a winter's day
A howl of mingled joy and fear ;
Like the hurricane's bliss in the atmosphere.

And when his Bride had drunk of the cup,
The knight looked down and the knight looked up
The Hag stood still on the coffin lid,
And her hand a grin of malice hid.
But the mirth went on : none seemed to care
That a horrible spectre lingered there.
Yet the cheeks of the peerless Bride grew pale,
And her eyes' rich light began to fail.
Then danced that Hag on the coffin lid,
No longer her fiendish grin lay hid.
And when the fair Lady fell back and died,
She leaped in furious mirth and pride.
And her laugh—a hideous and nameless thing,
Like the deadly flap of the vulture's wing ;
It rang as the last knell awfully clear,
Wierd and defying on Bertha's ear.

She turned to the Wizard : "Enchanter, holl !
See—here are jewels and here is gold—
Name me the name of that beauteous Bride,
And the Goblin that dances by her side,
And the Knight of the reckless and stony look."
But the Wizard with secret laughter shook :

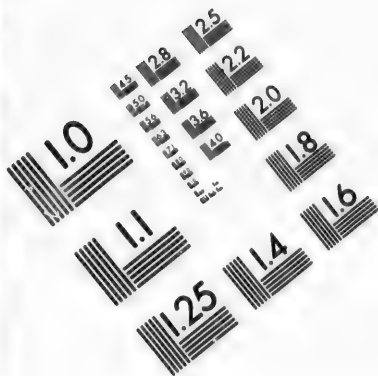
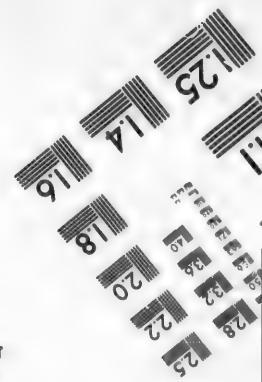
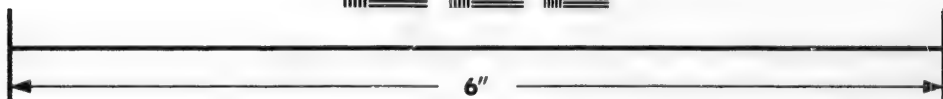
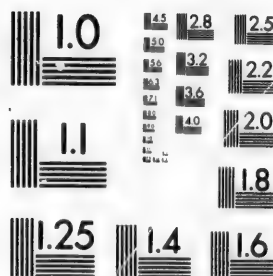
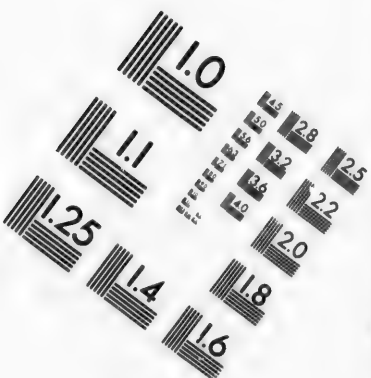


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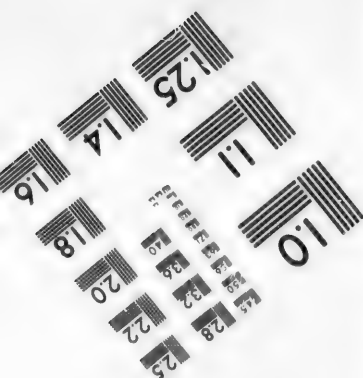


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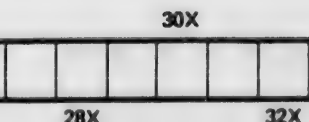
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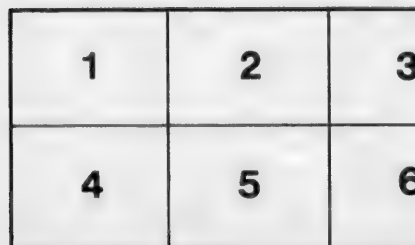
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EASTWARD.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF

QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE,
AND OTHER POEMS.



"HE SPAKE, AND IT WAS."

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